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# The Lady's Petycoat

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## THE Lady's Petycoat.

Concerning the fashions I will let you hear,  
We thought the brown hat was a comical sight,  
But now do you wig there new petticoat.

It's like a tin dish or a large washing tub,  
With a hoop in the middle there neatly made up,  
No matter what part of the town that you go  
There the breath of the street in there new petticoat

I got the loan money on last Monday week,  
My wife she went off now hold a hard cheek,  
Bought one, she did and was no way loath,  
But I'll thrash you clean out of your new petticoat.

Above all other men John you speak very odd,  
To dress in the fashion you should me applaud,  
Next a jacket I'll get should it cost me a note,  
I'll die or I'll wear me new petticoat.

I Don't want to deprive you of what's clean  
Mam you know,  
But dress as my grandmother did long ago,  
Peel off on the moment or I'll show you port  
I'll thrash you clean out of your new petticoat

It's really no wonder I'd be in a pou  
When I look at your hat like a waterering spout,  
You like some young lady going out for to court  
With nine yards of cain in your new petticoat.

John dear tell the truth between you and me,  
Do I ask to control you when you go on the spree  
In each free and easy your figure you sport,  
While you were your breeches I'll were my  
petticoat.

